Ten SONGS and a Cantata

Set to Muſick by

Richard Langdon
Organiſt of Exeter Cathedral

LONDON

Printed for the Author by J. Johnson in Cheapſide.

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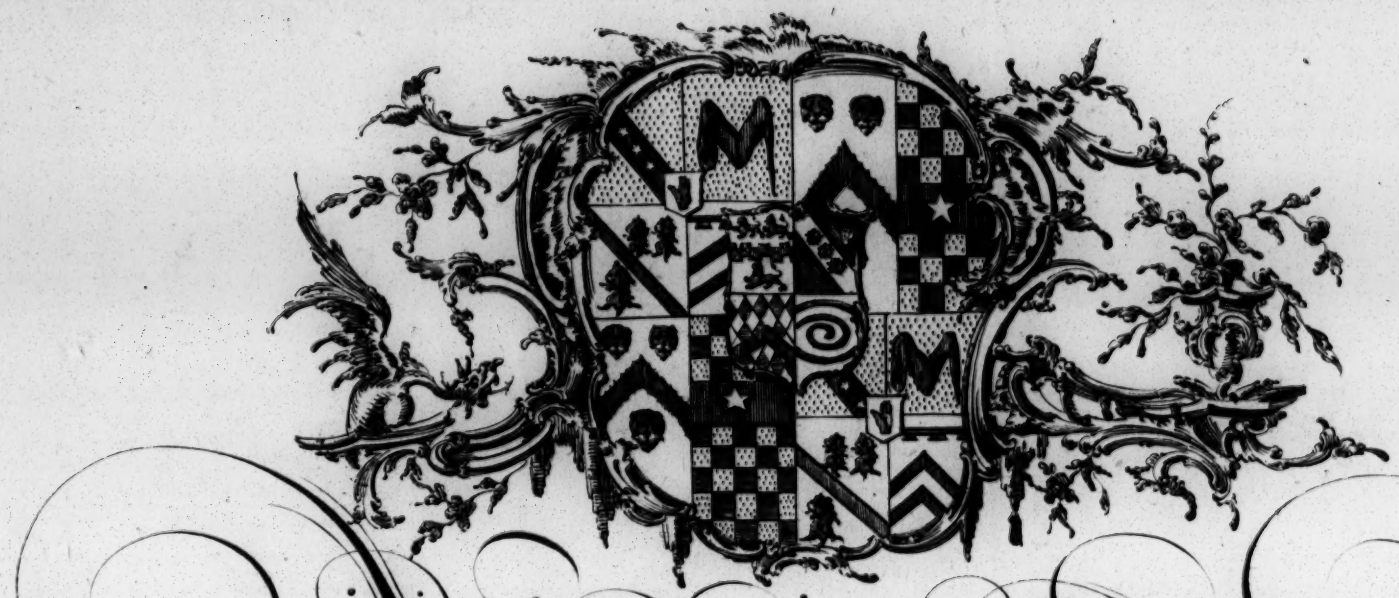

To Lady Bampfylde.

Madam,

Amongst the many excellencies which adorn Your Ladyship; Musick and the love of Harmony stand eminently distinguish'd Qualifications without which, Shakespear, that great Master of human Nature, declares no Character can be compleat. I have therefore presumed under the Sanction of Your Ladyship's Name and Patronage, to publish the following Compositions; rather indeed to comply with the request of my Friends, than from a vain opinion of Merit in the Performance. Whatever fate may attend them, I shall still think my self happy in having an opportunity of publickly acknowledging the grateful Sense I retain of your Ladyship's Goodness, and the many Favours conferred on,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

most obliged and
obedient humble Servant

Richard Langdon.

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Damon and Phillis, a Pastoral Dialogue

In Praise of Matrimony the Words by the Revd Mr Cotton.

Trav: 1o.

Allegro

Trav: 2o.

Viol: 1o.

Viol: 2o.

Viola.

Basso.

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Violins pia:

:S: *for:*

Trav: con voice

DAMON

:S:

Hap_lefs muſt the Shepherd prove, who has ne_ver learn'd to love,

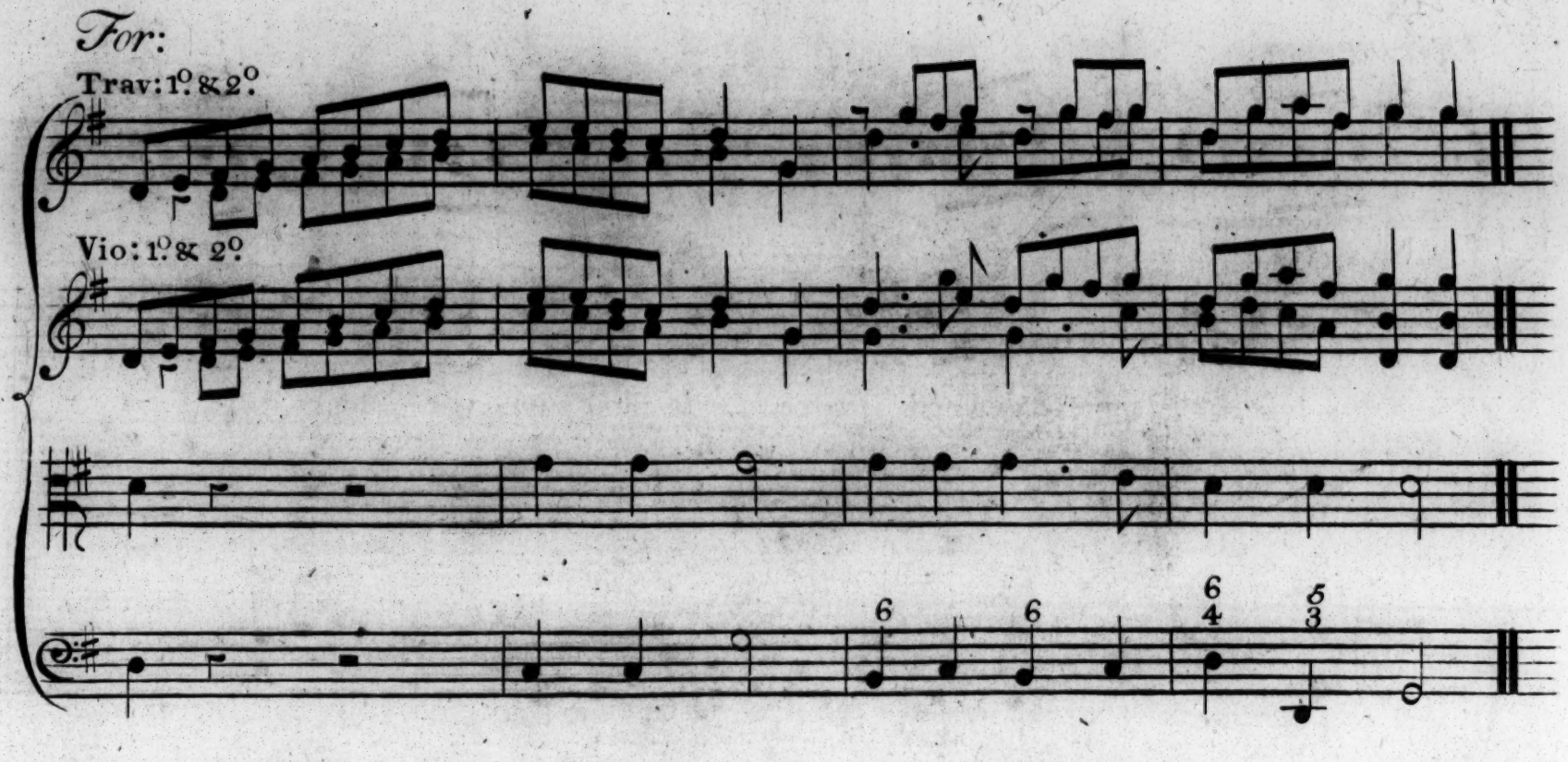
:S:

pia: *for:*

Feaſt_ed ne'er his ra_viſh'd ſenſe, With the ſweets of In_no_cence,

Ne'er has fought the Nup_tial Tye, Hap_lefs he but hap_py I.

Ne'er has fought the Nup_tial Tye, Hap_lefs he but hap_py I.



PHILLIS

Hapleſs is the Maid, who ne'er
Made the Rites of Love her care,
Ne'er has found a gentle Youth,
Warm with tenderneſs and Truth,
Ne'er has fought the Nuptial Tye,
Hapleſs ſhe, but happy I.

Duetto From the Nuptial Tye &c.

DAMON

"Firſt my lovely Fair, I knew
Truth and happineſs in you,
You real Joy alone can give,
For thee alone I wiſh to live,
Bleſs'd and happy thoſe who prove
The cordial ſweets of nuptial Love.

PHILLIS

"Phillis never caſt an Eye,
Aſk'd a bliſs, or breath'd a ſigh,
Ne'er to Cupid bent a knee,
Never Damon but for thee;
Bleſt and happy thoſe who prove
The cordial ſweets of nuptial Love.

From the Nuptial Tye &c.

DAMON

"Ev'ry day, a day of Love,
Does our fondneſs ſtill improve,
Care with ſullen look is fled,
Baniſh'd from the nuptial Bed:
Wou'd ye Shepherds happy prove,
Learn, O! quickly learn to love.

PHILLIS

"Lock'd within thy Arms to reſt
Sorrow ne'er invades my Breaſt.
Hence diſquietude and care,
Nought but Joy can enter here.
Would ye Virgins happy prove,
Learn, O! quickly learn to love.

From the Nuptial Tye &c.

DAMON

Hear my Pray'r ye pow'rs divine,
Long be gentle Phillis mine!
Elſe, if cruelly ſevere
Envious Fates denies my Pray'r,
Happy in the Nuptial Tye,
O! together let us die.

PHILLIS

Hear ye kind and gracious Gods,
Happy in your bleſt abodes;
Hear my Pray'r ye pow'rs divine,
Long be gentle Damon mine:
Happy in the Nuptial Tye
Elſe together let us die.

From the Nuptial Tye &c

Duetto.

Solo.

pia: *Rinfor:* *pia:* *Rinfor:* *pia:*

PHILLIS

From the Nuptial Tye a_lone, Joys of Love and Eaſe are known; From the

DAMON

From the Nuptial Tye a_lone, Joys of Love and Eaſe are known; From the

Nup_tial Tye in_creaſe Health, tran_quil_li_ty, and Peace; From the Nuptial

Nup_tial Tye in_creaſe Health, tran_quil_li_ty, and Peace; From the Nuptial

hr

pia:

Rinfor:

Union flow all the bleſsings here be_low. From the Nup_tial Union flow

hr

Union flow all the bleſsings here be_low. From the Nup_tial Union flow

hr

for:

mezzo for:

all the bleſsings here be_low.

all the bleſsings here be_low.

Amanda.

Affetuoso

2°. Vio: Pia:

1°. Vio: Pia: con Voce.

Go, tell A_MAN_DA, gen_tle Swain, How much I love, nor

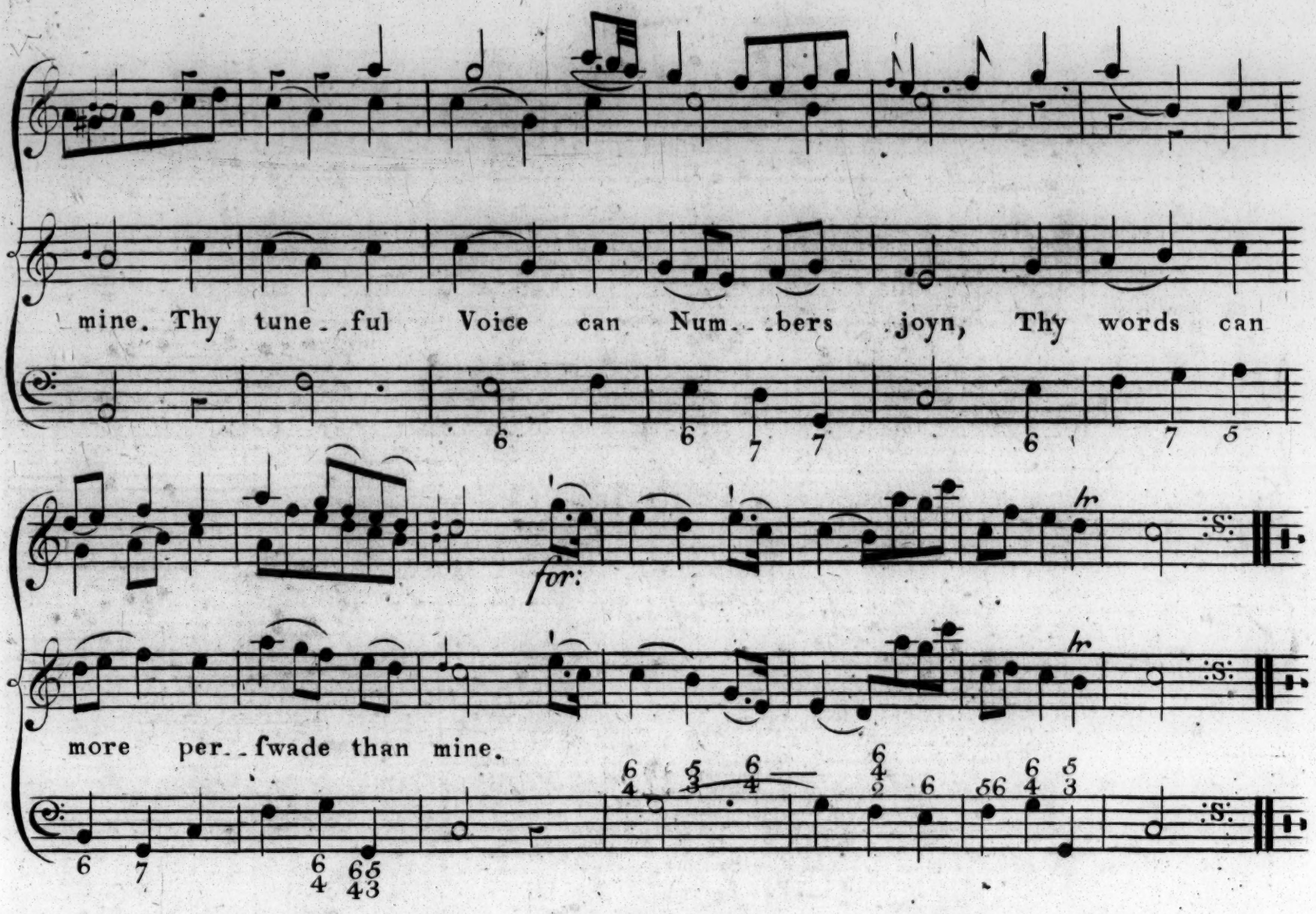
dare com_plain; How much I love, nor dare com_plain; Thy

2°. Vio: con Vo:

1°. Vio:

2°. Vio:

tune_ful Voice can Num_bers joyn, Thy words can more per_swade than

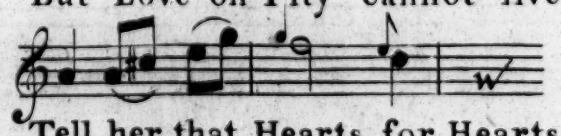


2

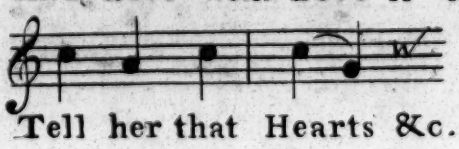
To Hearts, oppreſt and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain this kind relief;
That Muſick ſhould in ſounds convey,
What dying Lovers dare not ſay.

3

A ſigh, a Tear, perhaps ſhe'll give,
But Love on Pity cannot live;



Tell her, that Hearts, for Hearts were made,
And Love with Love is only Paid.



Tell her that Hearts &c.

4

Tell her, my Pains ſo faſt increaſe,
That ſoon they will be paſt redreſs;
For ah! the Swain that bleeding lies,
Attends but Death to cloſe his Eyes.

Song. Attend, ye Nymphs

Allegro

Vios: con Voce e Pianifs:

At - tend, ye Nymphs, while I im - part the fe - cret wifh - es

of my Heart, the fe - cret wifh - es of my Heart,

And tell what Swain, if one there be, whom Fate de - figns for

Love and me, whom Fate de - figns for Love and me.

2

Let Reaſon o'er his Thoughts preſide,
Let Honour, all his Actions guide;
Stedfaſt in Virtue let him be
The Swain deſign'd for Love and me.

3

Let Solid Senſe inform his Mind,
With pure good nature ſweetly joyn'd;
Sure Friend to modeſt merit be.
The Swain deſign'd for Love and me.

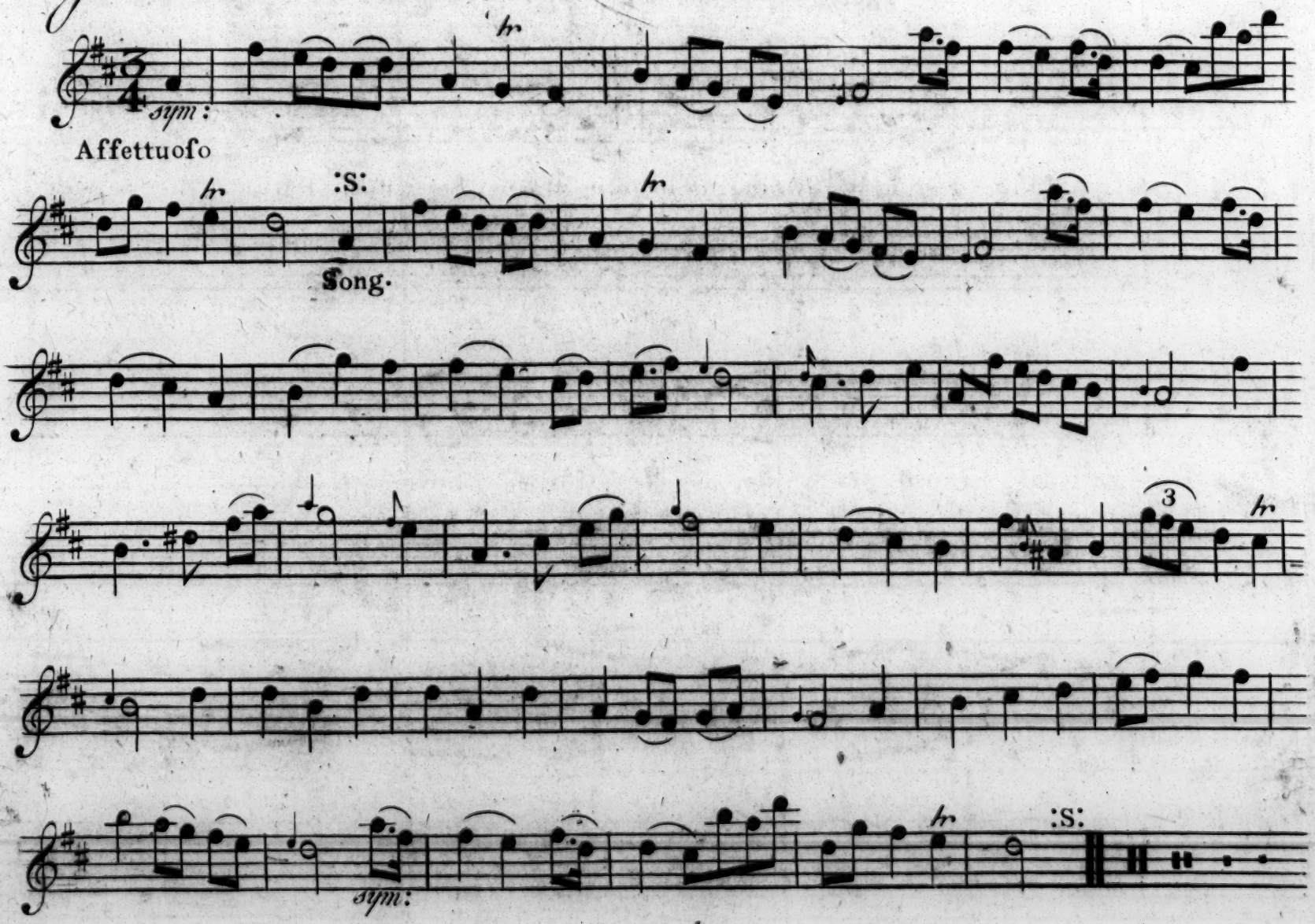
4

Where Sorrow prompts the penſive ſigh,
Where Griefs bedew the drooping Eye;
Melting in Sympathy I ſee
The Swain deſign'd for Love and me.

5

Let Sordid av'rice claim no part,
Within his tender generous Heart;
Oh! be that Heart from falſhood free,
Devoted all to Love and me.

German Flute, to Amanda



Allegro ma non troppo

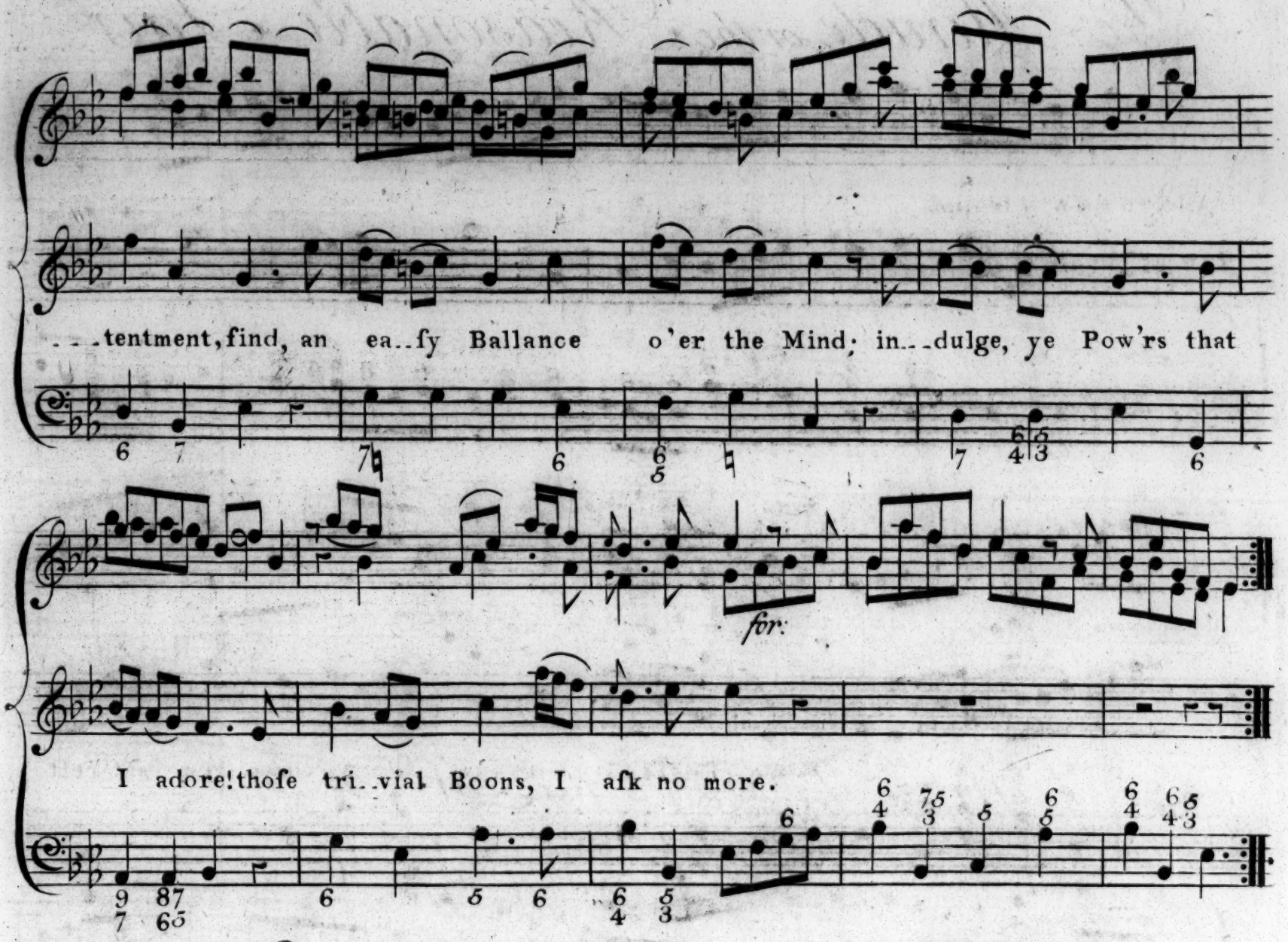
pia:

While PHILLIS with am...bitious views, her int'reſt

with the Men pur_ſues; while ſelf..iſh SYLVIA aims her Darts, at

for: *pia:*

Lovers purſes, not their Hearts; May I, in calm con.



2

O! may I be with Wiſdom fraught,
A Pallas in the depth of thought;
Let me in ſweets with Flora vie,
With Heav'ns great Queen in Majeſty;
Let me be more than Venus fair,
With ſuch a ſhape, and ſuch an Air,
No Female e'er poſſeſs'd before,
Of Fate, and Heav'n I aſk no more.

3

Let Fame, who with the reſt makes free,
Or celebrate, or wink at me;
Let me inſtead of Rivals, find
Friends, and Allies, in Womankind:
Let, what I do, or ſay, or wear,
Be faſhion 'mongſt the young and fair.
Indulge, ye Pow'rs that I adore!
Thoſe trivial Boons, I aſk no more.

4

May crouds of Lovers throng my Gate,
And in obſequious Levees wait;
To make all Day a grand Parade,
All Night as grand a Serenade;
Let them waft ſighs, and Verſes ſing,
And every Amorous preſent bring,
Let them grant all they have in ſtore,
Of them, and Heav'n I aſk no more.

Flute.

sym

Song

sym

Song

tr

sym

Song. The Words by Mr. Hilton

tr

tr

Moderato

Vio.pia.

tr

3

3

tr

How

ea-ſy was COLIN, how blithe and how gay! E'er he met the fair CHLORIS, how

ſprightly his Lay! So graceful her form, ſo ac--compliſh'd her Mind, ſure

pi--ty, he thought, with ſuch charms muſt be join'd! Sure pi-ty, he thought, with ſuch

Charms muſt be join'd!

2

Whenever ſhe danc'd, or whenever ſhe ſung,
How juſt was her motion how ſweet was her Tongue!
And when the Youth told her his paſsionate flame,
She allow'd him to fancy her Heart felt the ſame.

3

With ardour he preſs'd her to think him ſincere,
But alaſs! ſhe redoubled each hope and each fear;
She would not deny, nor ſhe would not approve,
And ſhe neither refus'd him, nor gave him her love.

4

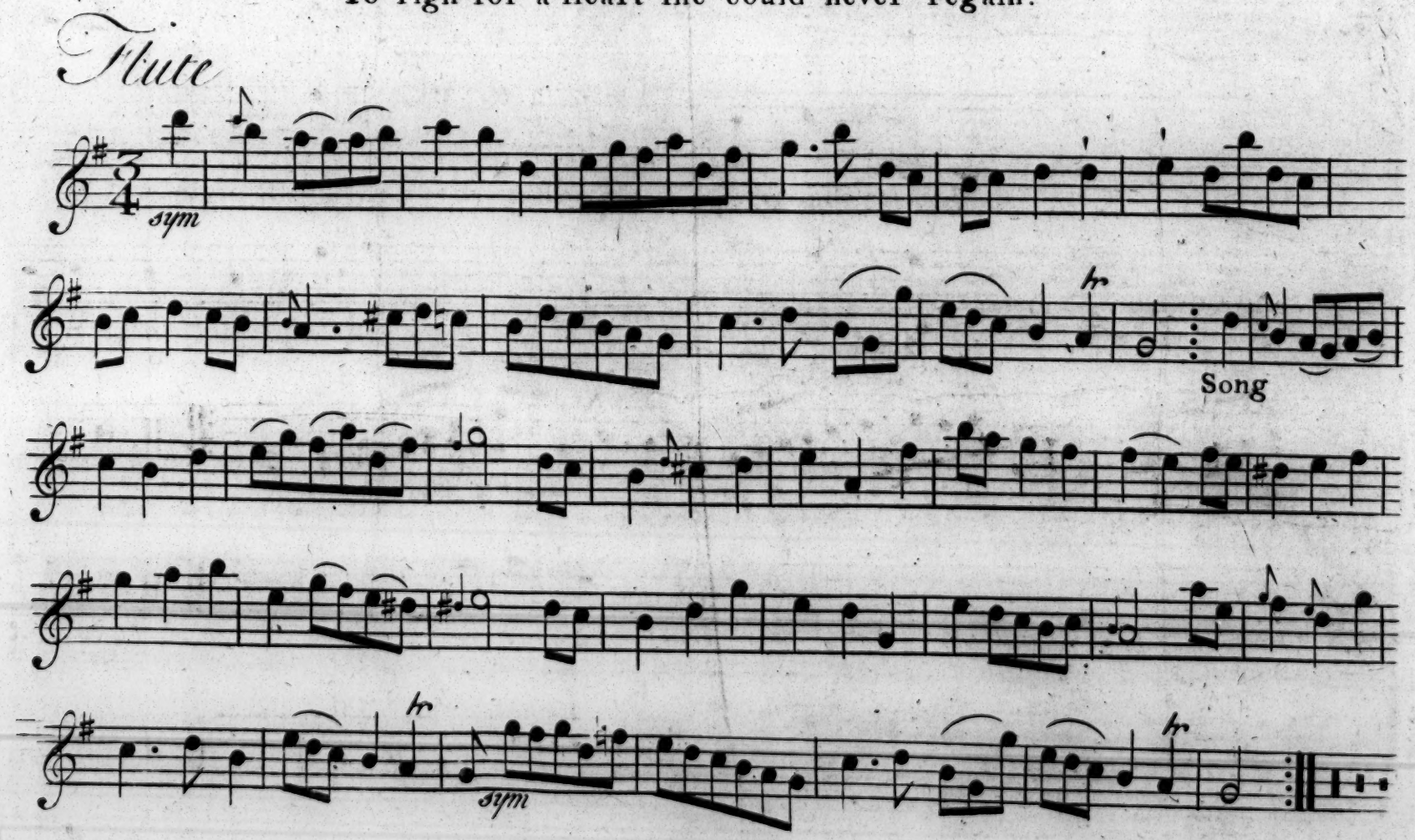
Now chear'd by complacence, now froze by diſdain,
He languiſh'd for freedom, but languiſh'd in vain:
Till Thyrſis, who pity'd ſo helpleſs a Slave,
Eas'd his Heart of its pain by the counſel he gave.

5

Forſake her, ſaid he, and reject her a while;
If ſhe loves you, ſhe ſoon will return with a ſmile:
You can judge of her paſsion by abſence alone,
And by abſence will conquer her Heart or — your own.

6

This advice he purſu'd; but the remedy prov'd
Too fatal, alaſs! to the fair one he lov'd;
Which cur'd his own Paſsion, but left her in vain
To ſigh for a Heart ſhe could never regain.



Philander and Sylvia
A Pastoral Dialogue.

Corno 1°:
Corno 2°:
Vio: 1°:
pia:
Vio: 2°:
Viola
Andante ma Gratioso
for:
pia:
tr

Violins Pia:

:S: ConVoce

:S:

:S:

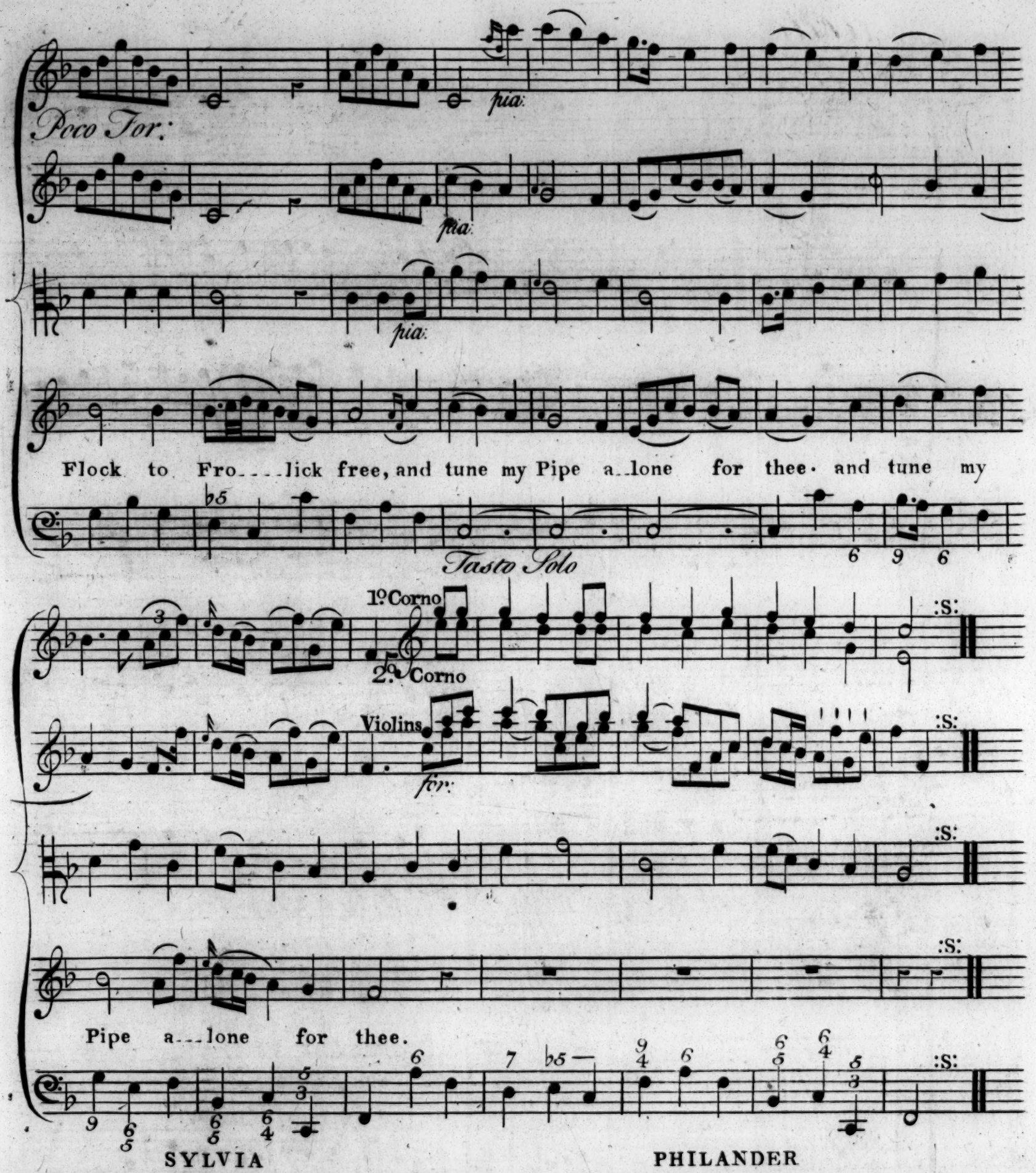
Philander

:S:

While Blof..soms deck each Ver...dant Spray, and Flo...ra breaths the

:S:

Sweets of May; and Flo..ra breaths the Sweets of May; Ill leave my



SYLVIA

What if thy Flock ſhou'd leave the Plain,
While Tray is ſleeping by my Swain,
Would'ſt thou not think the Minutes dear?
And rail at me that kept thee here?

PHILANDER

Firſt ſhall the Lark forget his Note!
The Linnet ſtop his Liquid Throat!

SYLVIA

So oft, you gameſome Shepherds ſay,
And only jeſt when ye betray.

Deck but your Song with Truth alone;
My Virgin Heart ſhall be your own.

PHILANDER

The Turtle ſhall forſake his Love;
E'er I to thee inconſtant prove.

Duetto.

Corno 1°

Corno 2°

Vio: 1°

pia:

Vio: 2°

Viola

Basson

This part may be sung with the Words by a Baſs Voice.

When Beau-ty o--pens all her Charms and Ho-nour flies to Beau--ty's

When Beau-ty o--pens all her Charms and Ho-nour flies to Beau-ty's

Arms and Ho___nour flies to Beau___ty's Arms

Arms and Ho___nour flies to Beau___ty's Arms

for: *pia:* *for:* *pia:*

pia:

Sweet Peace and Love take up their Crown and Vir- tue then

Sweet Peace and Love take up their Crown and Virtue

Tasto Solo

1st.

af..fcends her Throne and Vir..tue then af..fcends her Throne.

af..fcends her Throne and Vir..tue then af..fcends her Throne.

1st.

2d.

for: pia: for: pia: for: pia: tr tr

Throne.

Throne.

2d.

German Flute

sym

hr

Song

hr

hr

sym

Duetto

hr

hr

1ft. 2d.

sym

1ft. 2d.

po: for:

hr

hr

Ode to Cupid on Valentine's Day.

Vivace

Come thou rofy dimpled Boy, Source of ev'ry heart felt Joy, Leave the blifsful

bow'rs awhile, Paphos and the Cyprian Ifle: Vifit Britain's rocky fhore, Britons too thy

pow'r a..dore, Britons hardy, bold, and free, Own thy laws, and yield to thee

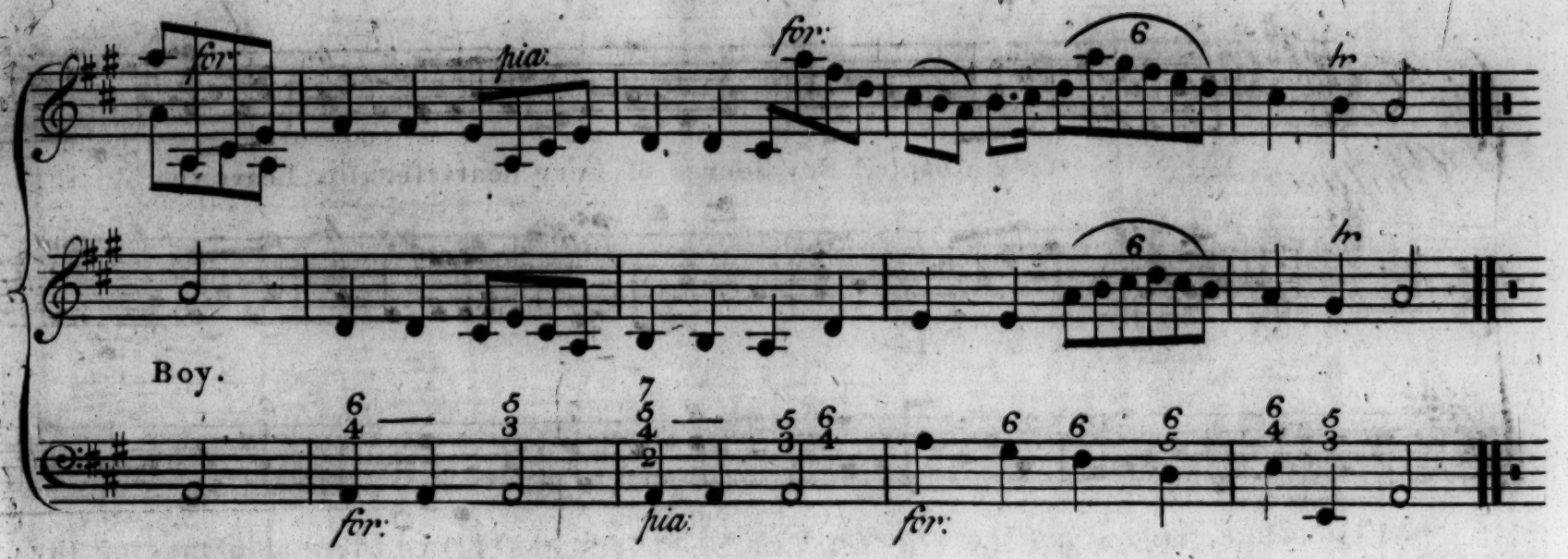
Tasto Solo

for.

own thy laws and yield to thee.

pia.

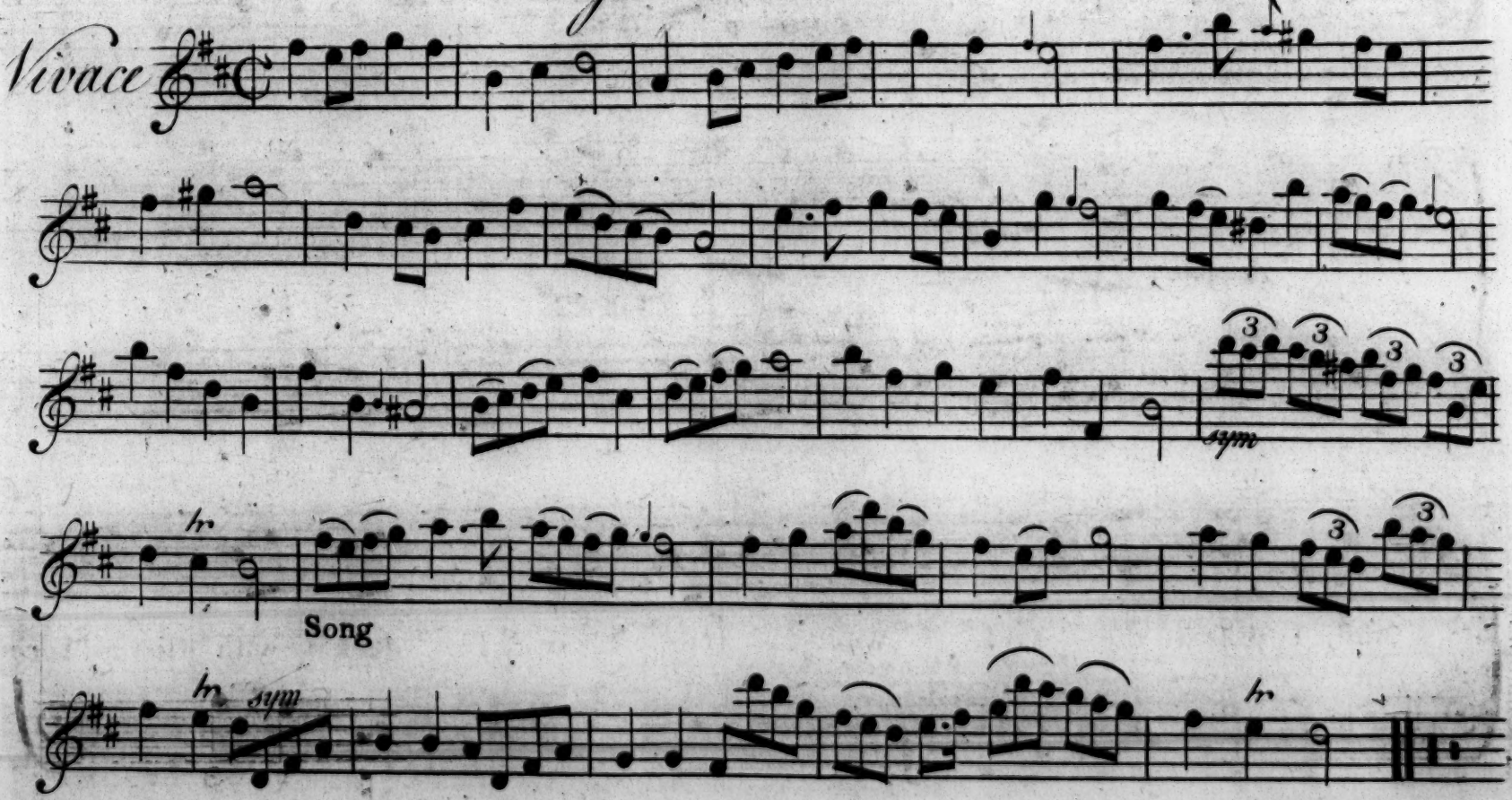
Source of ev'ry heart felt Joy, Come thou ro-fy dimpled Boy. Come thou ro...fy dimpled



Haſte to SYLVIA, haſte away,
This is thine, and HYMEN'S day;
Bid her thy Soft bondage wear,
Bid her for Love's rites prepare.
Let the Nymphs with many a flow'r
Deck the ſacred Nuptial bow'r:
Thither lead the lovely fair,
And let HYMEN too be there.
This is thine, and HYMEN'S day,
Haſte to SYLVIA, haſte away.

Only while we love we live,
Love alone can pleaſure give;
Pomp and pow'r, and tinſel ſtate,
Thoſe falſe Pageants of the great,
Crowns and Scepters, envied things,
And the pride of Eaſtern Kings,
Are but Childiſh empty toys,
When compar'd to Love's ſweet Joys.
Love alone can pleaſure give,
Only while we love we live.

For the German Flute



The Landskip.

Gratioso

tr *tr* *tr* *tr* *pia:*

How pleaſ'd within my Na..tive bow'rs E're

while I paſs'd the day! Was e...ver ſcene ſo deck'd with Flow'rs? Were

hr :S: hr :S: :S: :S:

e..ver Flow'rs ſo gay? How ſweet..ly ſmil'd the hill, the Vale, And

Rinfor: pia

all the landſkip round! The Ri...ver glid..ing down the

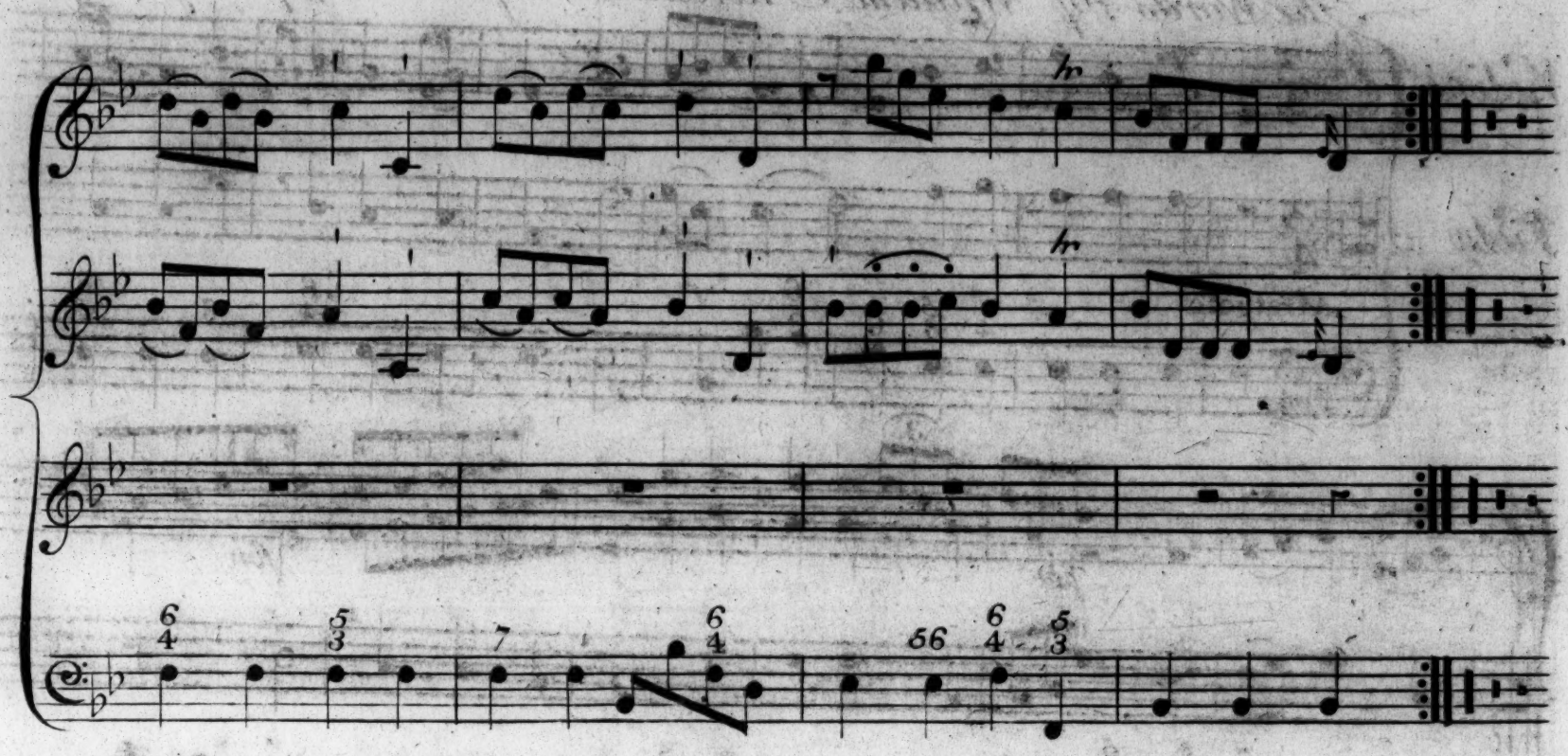
hr 1ſt. :S: 2d. for:

hr :S:

hr :S:

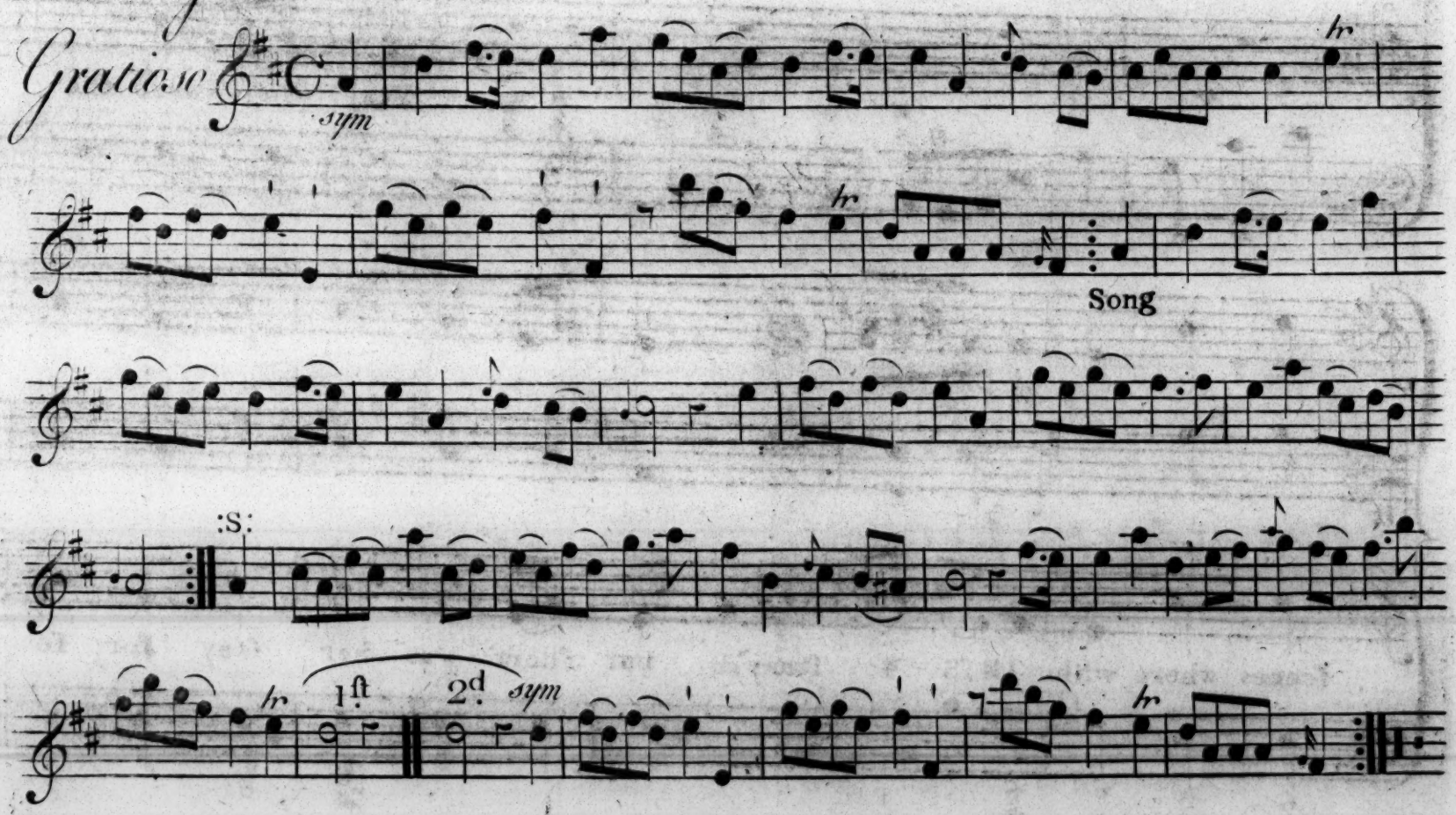
dale! The hill with beech..es crown'd! crown'd!

:S:



But now, when urg'd by tender Woes
I ſpeed to meet my Dear,
That hill and ſtream my zeal oppoſe,
And check my fond career.
No more, ſince DAPHNE was my Theme,
Their wonted charms I ſee:
That verdant hill, and Silver ſtream,
Divide my Love and me.

German Flute



SONG.

The Words by William Shenstone Esq.r Imitated from ye French

Violins

Viola

Affetuoso

pia:

for:

pia:

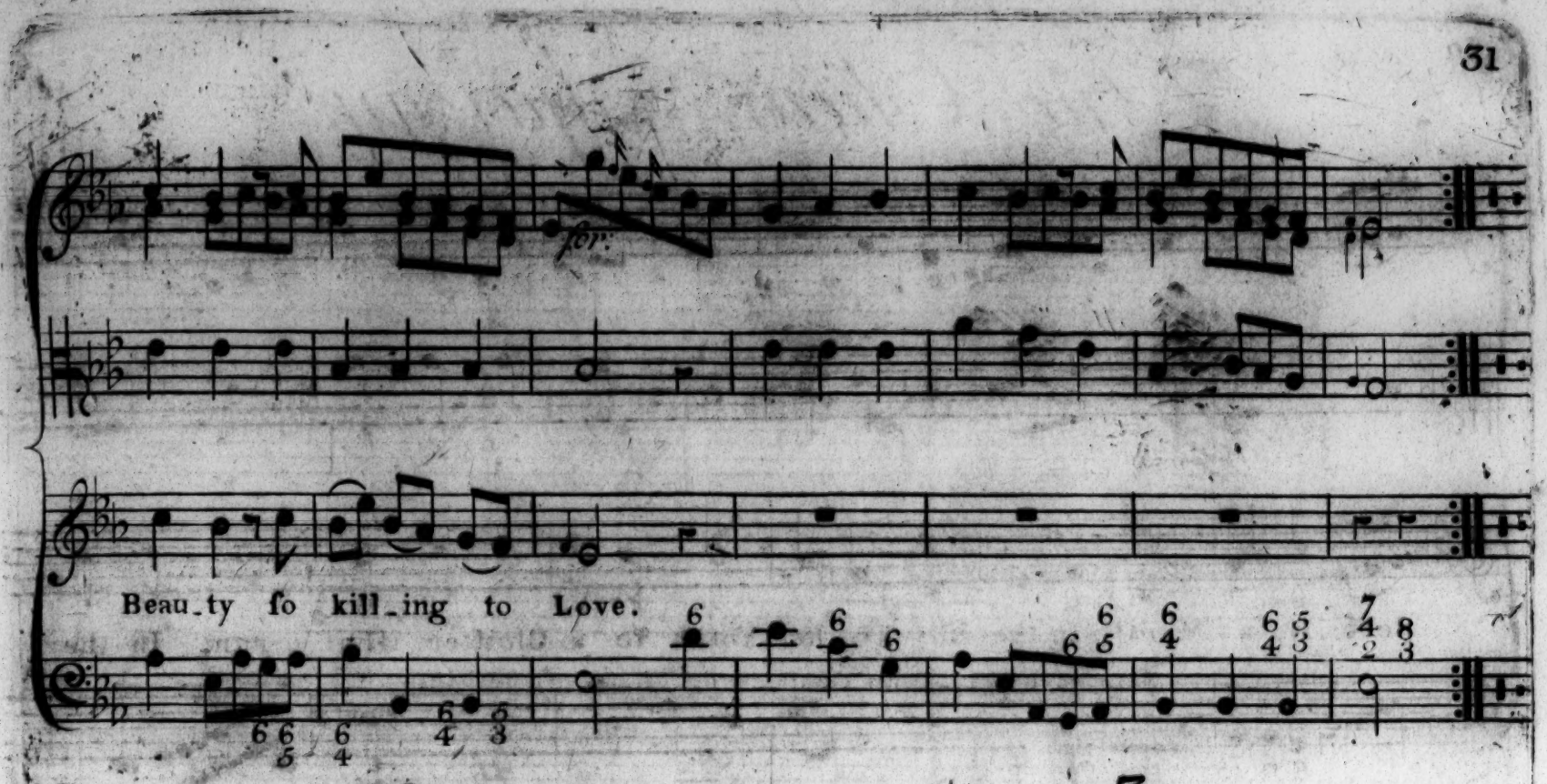
Yes, theſe were the

ſcenes where with IRIS I ſtray'd; but ſhort was her ſway for ſo

love,-ly a Maid! In the bloom of her Youth to a Cloiſter ſhe run; In the

bloom of her graces, too fair for a Nun! Ill grounded, no doubt, a de--

--votion muſt prove So fa-tal to Beauty, ſo killing to Love! So fa--tal to

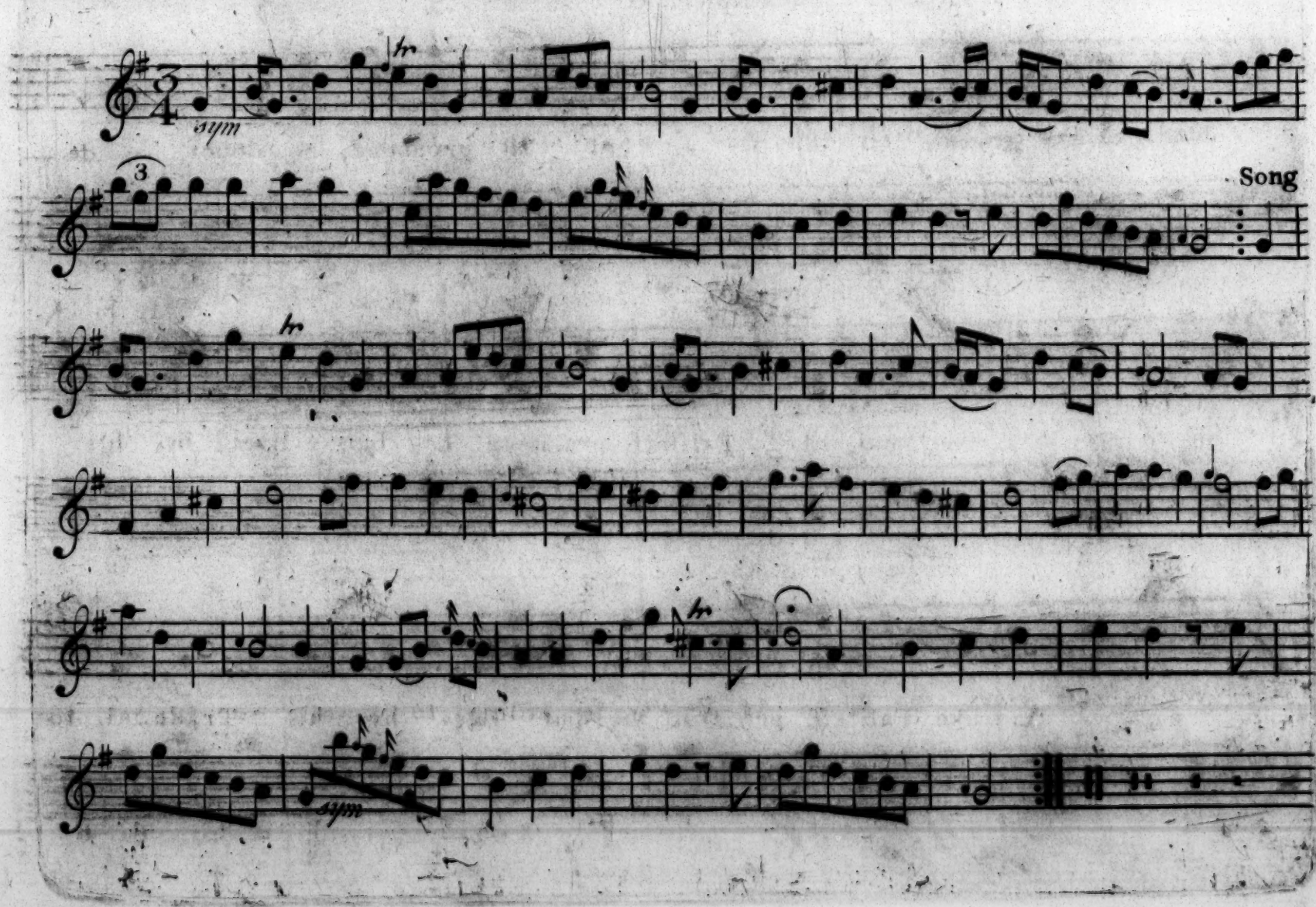


2

Yes, theſe are the meadows, the ſhrubs and the plains;
Once the ſcene of my pleaſures, the ſcene of my pains;
How many ſoft moments I ſpent in this grove!
How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!
Be ſtill tho', my heart, thine emotion give o'er;
Remember, the ſeaſon of Love is no more.

3

With her how I ſtray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,
Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs!
Then breathleſs with ardor my fair_one purſu'd,
And to think with what kindneſs my garland ſhe view'd!
But be ſtill, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er;
Fain wouldſt thou forget thou muſt love her no more.

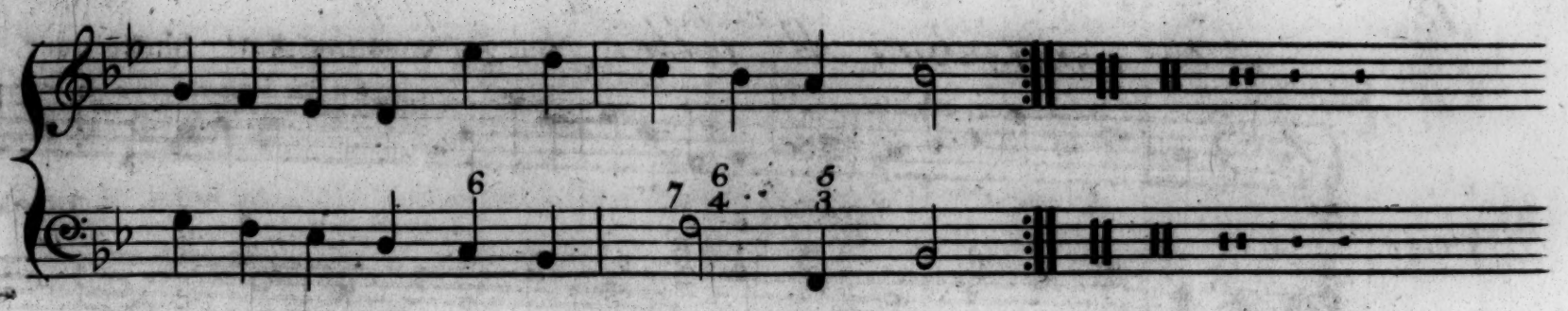


The Cheat's Apology

The words by Mr. Ellis 'Tis my Vocation, Hal! Shakespear.

Vivace

Look round the wide world each profession you'll find has something dishonest which myst'ry they call; Each knave points a-no-ther at home is stark blind Ex-cept but his own there's a cheat in them all; When tax'd with im-pos-ture the charge he'll e-vade, and like Falstaff pre-tend he but lives by his Trade And like Falstaff pre-tend he but lives by his Trade. for:



2

The hero ambitious (like Philip's great Son,
Who wept when he found no more miſchief to do)
Ne'er ſcruples a neighbouring realm to o'er-run,
While ſlaughters and carnage his ſabre imbrue.
Of rapine and murder the charge he'll evade,
For conqueſt is glorious, and fighting his trade.

3

The ſtateſman, who ſteers by wiſe Machiavel's rules
Is ne'er to be known by his Tongue or his Face;
They're traps by him us'd to catch credulous fools,
And breach of his promiſe he counts no diſgrace;
But policy calls it reproach to evade,
For flatt'rys his province, cajoling his trade.

4

The Prieſt will inſtruct you this World to deſpiſe,
With all its vain pomp, for a kingdom on high;
While earthly preferments are chiefly his prize;
And all his purſuits give his doctrine the lye;
He'll plead you the goſpel your charge to evade.
The lab'rer's entitled to live by his trade.

5

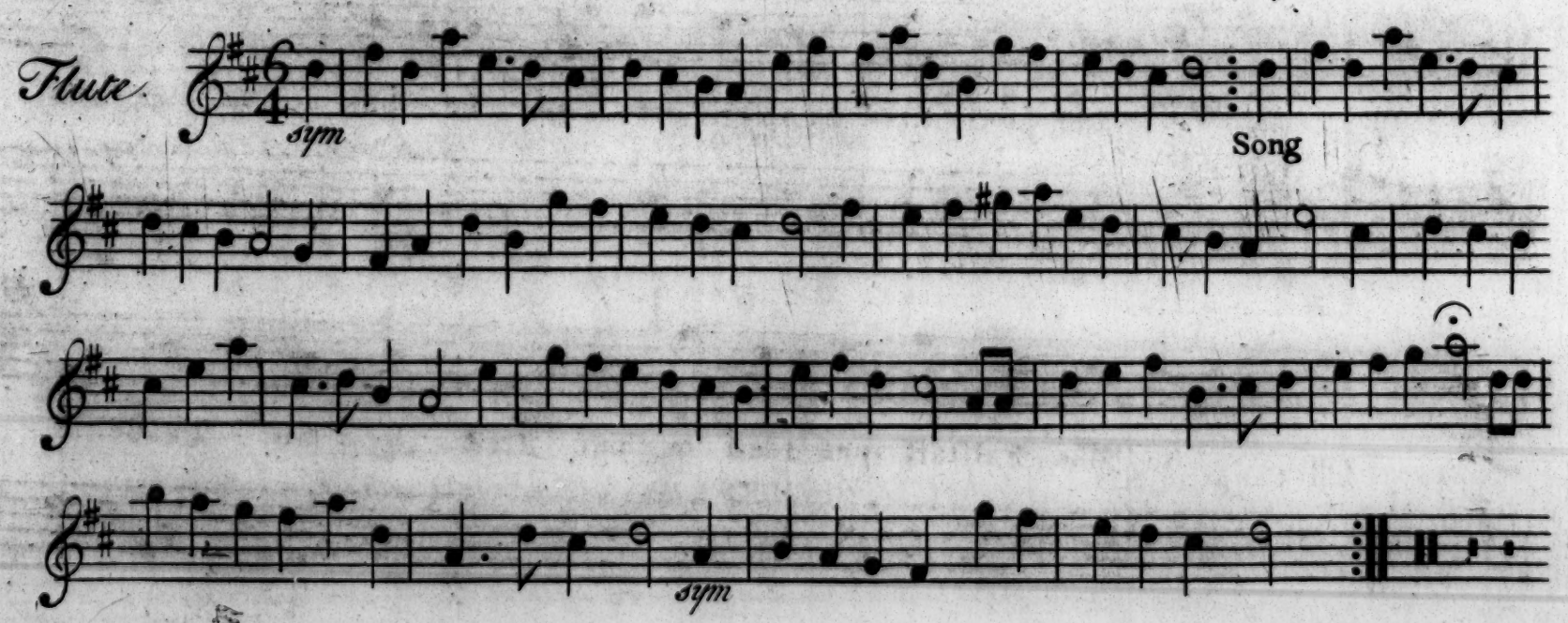
The Lawyer, as oft on the wrong ſide as right,
Who tortures for fee the true ſenſe of the laws,
While black he by ſophiſtry proves to be white,
And falſhood and perjury lifts in his cauſe,
With ſteady aſsurance all crimes will evade:
His clients his care, and he follows his trade.

6

The Sons of Machaon, who thirſty for gold
The patient paſt cure viſit thrice in a day,
Write largely the Pharmacop league to uphold,
While poverty's left to diſeaſes a prey;
Are held in repute for their glitt'ring parade:
Their practice is great, and they ſhine in their trade.

7

Since then in all ſtations impoſture is found,
No one of another can juſtly complain;
The coin he receives will paſs current around,
And where he is couſen'd he couſens again:
But I, who for cheats this apology made,
Cheat myſelf by my rhiming and ſtarve by my trade.



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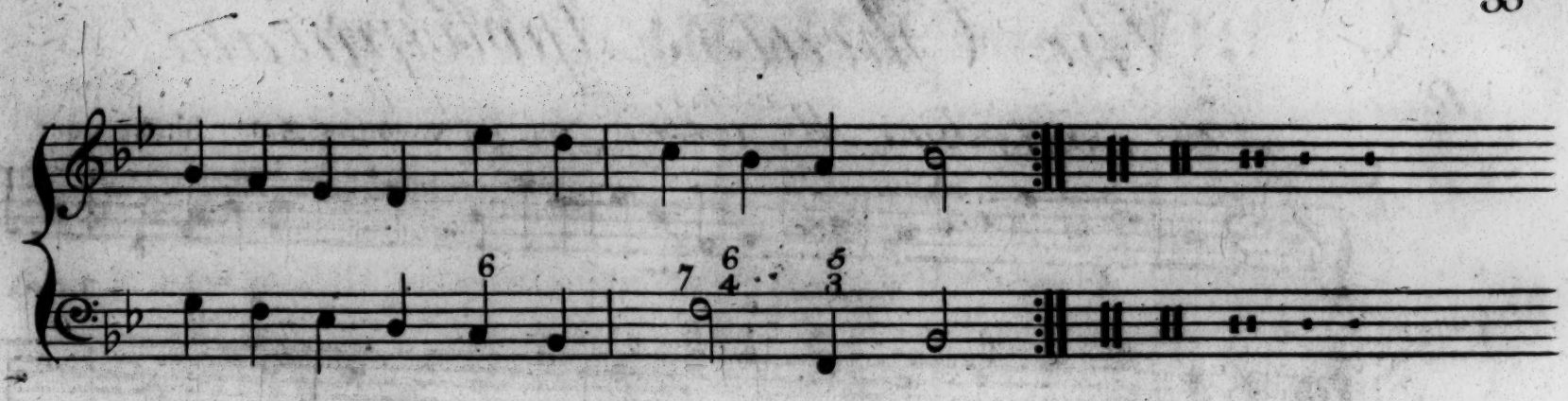

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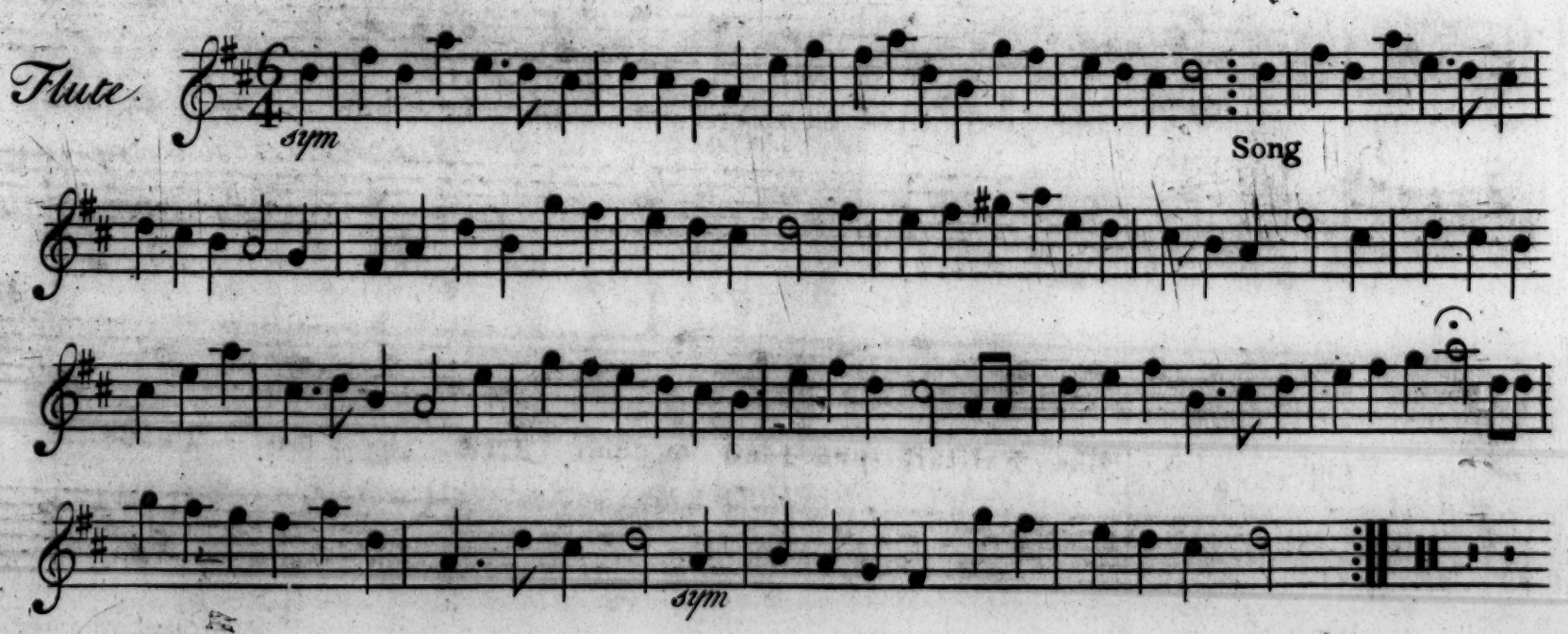

CUPID and CHLOE *A Cantata.*

Recit

To deck her Boſom *Chloe* choſe; before all Flow'rs, the bluſhing Roſe; it made her

Breaſts more lovely ſhew, and added whiteneſs to their Snow. The tender

Nymph, herſelf a bud, ſo much already — underſtood.

Amoroſo

Taſto Solo

But once, bleſs'd hour, ſhe went to ſee the produce of the fav'rite Tree; a

large and tempting Roſe ſhe found, which ſpread its perfumes all around, which ſpread its

Sym:

perfumes all around. It ſeem'd to court the Virgin's handy

Virgin did not long withſtand, She pluck'd — but O! a ſudden pain, made her releaſe the

Sy-

ſtalk again, The Wound appear'd, her finger bled, and ſtain'd the Roſe with guilty Red, The

Nymph with pain and anger mov'd, be-gan to hate what once ſhe lov'd; ſhe ſigh'd, ſhe wept, and

Sy

ſtamp'd, and ſwore ſhe'd touch the odious tree no more ſhe'd touch the odious tree no more.

Taſto Solo

Taſto Solo

Recit:

When forth a little *Cupid* came, t'appeaſe the crying, angry Dame, The angry

Nymph the God perceives, ſtruggling, through th'intangling leaves: When from his fragrant ambuſ-

-cade he thus accoſts the weeping Maid.

2. Vio

Violins con Sordini

1 Vio: con Voce

Affetto

Ceaſe, *Chloe*,

ceaſe; and do-- not cry, nor blame the harmleſs Tree, 'twas I. 'Twas

I, that cauſ'd the little. Pain, and I will make it well again, I will.

1&2 Vio:

For:

2 Vio:

Pia:

make it well a__gain.

My.

Mother bad me do't: and ſaid, this herb would eaſe the ſuff'ring Maid.

con Voce

Let it but to the place be bound, 'Twill ſtop the blood, and heal the

2.Vio:

1.Vio:

Piano Forte.

Pia:

wonnd 'twill ſtop the blood and heal___ the wound. Let it but to the.

con voce

.place be bound,'Twill ſtop the blood, and heal__ the wound, 'twill

For:

ſtop the blood and heal__ the Wound.

Recit.

But, Chloe, if ſo ſmall a Dart, and in the finger, gives ſuch

ſmart, What, Madam —— if I'd pierc'd your Heart? Ceaſe then to

ſcorn my pow'r; and know, by what I've done, what I can

do. Here he aſſum'd an awful look; he nodded thrice, his Locks he

ſhook, and mimick'd Jove in all he ſpoke. With ſtrenuous Arm he twang'd his

bow, he ſhew'd her all his Quiver too; This, ſays the God, — and this, the

. dart, that wounded ſuch and ſuch a heart.

Largo Mezzo Pia:

The Virgin ſaw, admir'd, believ'd, and

. bowd_ The God with ſmiles receiv'd the Ado__ra-tion which ſhe

For:

. pay'd, and wav'd his purple wings, and left the wond'ring Maid.

Pia:

Vivace

My *Chloe* ſtill can ſhew the ſcar, and boaſts the God's pe-

For:

Pia:

-culiar care. and boaſts the God's pe-culiar care. She

Solo

Tutti

loves, and is be-lov'd again ſe--cure of Pleaſure free from Pain.

Pia:

My *Chloe* ſtill can ſhew the ſcar, and boaſts the Gods pe-culiar

care, She loves and is be_ _lov'd again, ſe_cure of Pleaſure, free from Pain, ſe_

For:

_cure of pleaſure, free from pain. free, free from

Pain. ſhe loves and is be_lov'd again, ſe_

For: Pia:

_cure of pleaſure, free from pain.

For:

I've ſeen the Roſe a--dorn'd with blood, which from my *Chloe's*

fing-- er flow'd; I've ſeen the ſprig where Cupid ſtood; I ſaw his little

Pia-

fragrant Neſt—

and *Chloe* told me.

all the reſt. *Chloe* told me all the reſt. Da Capo.

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